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# THE LITERARY FOCUS.

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*"Stilus optimus, et præstantissimus dicendi effector ac magister."*

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## 'The Hunters of Kentucky'

OR THE

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EARLY SETTLER.

(Concluded from page 3.)

Five years had passed away, since the event which has been recorded in the former part of this narrative transpired. The wilds of the forest had begun to put on gradually the appearance of the haunts of civilized man. The Indians were seldom known to make incursions into the country; and as the natural consequence, the inhabitants had receded farther and farther from their strong holds—the old and permanent establishments. Cabins might be seen here and there, scattered over the country, bespeaking by their little patches of cultivated ground the confidence and security of the owners. It was at the door of one of these rude domicils, about forty miles north of Lexington, on a delightful summer's evening, that an elderly woman with her two daughters were sitting, when a female figure of wild aspect and emaciated countenance presented itself suddenly before them. The first impression of the hunter's wife—for such her residence bespoke her—was that of an Indian decoy; another glance convinced her that her fears were unfounded; and, rising from her seat, she invited the stranger kindly into the cabin. With that assiduous hospitality, for which Kentucky, as well as her parent state, has been so justly celebrated, she was fed, and clothed in such apparel as the cottage afforded; and after reposing herself a few hours, related in the following words her history:—

"Five years ago this day, I was car-

ried captive in company with my husband and a number of others, by the Indians, to the town of Chillicothe, on the Scioto. Shortly after our arrival, I was adopted into the family of an old man, whose daughters had been killed a few months before, and whose place I was to supply. My husband, after being three times condemned to run the gauntlet—escaping each time narrowly with his life—was at length dressed in the habiliments, and forced to assume the character of a squaw. Our fate was however enviable, compared with that of some of the unhappy wretches, who were our companions. Two of these were roasted at the stake—one of them a young girl of eighteen—on the day of our arrival, as a sacrifice to the manes of the savages who had been slain in the expedition. I can almost see their limbs writhing in the last agonies—I can almost hear—"hush!"—she added, starting to her feet, her neck extended, her eyes raised, and every feature strained to the most acute attention—"was not that? No, it was but a phantom, a delusion of my brain, which pictured before me the demons who have murdered my husband.—But I will be revenged—I must go!" So saying, she started towards the door, and making a violent but ineffectual effort to free herself from the kind grasp that arrested her progress—for it was by this time evident, that her mental faculties were deranged—she swooned, and would have fallen to the floor, had she not been supported.

When returning animation had restored her again to recollection, and reason assumed once more its temporary throne, she thus continued her mournful recital. "I said we were

more fortunate than our companions—our situation was indeed, and would have remained, comparatively comfortable, but for one unfortunate circumstance. Among the Indians was an infamous white man, who had fled from justice in his native state, joined himself with the savages, and by working on their passions, at length became a popular chieftain. On the morning of our arrival at Chillicothe, he had attempted to persuade the Indians to surrender me to him as his squaw, and had well nigh succeeded, when the aged warrior, whose adopted daughter I afterwards became, rose in the council and claimed me as his prisoner. There was no disputing his claim—so I was conveyed to his wigwam, and treated as humanely as a savage knows how to treat a friend. One day whilst my husband and myself were together, as it was our custom to be, endeavoring to afford each other that consolation, of which we both stood in so much need, and rendering ourselves melancholy by recalling to mind the incidents of happier days, this chieftain—the far-famed Berkley, suddenly alarmed us by his presence. He had evidently been drinking. His features were flushed and swollen—his eyes glistened, like the eyes of a basilisk. “Now” said he, seizing me fiercely by the arm “you shall not escape me.” My husband advanced and attempted to remonstrate—Berkley’s only reply was to snatch a hunting knife from his belt and plunge it in his bosom. I screamed—my brain reeled—and I knew no more of what passed. When I came again to myself, my adopted father and his daughters were standing by the deer-skin couch on which I had been laid. I enquired for my husband, and was told, I would see him no more. The dreadful recollection of the horrid scene I had witnessed, flashed immediately upon my mind—he had been murdered, and I was left desolate! I turned away—my heart was full; I could have wept scalding tears, but nature refused me this kind relief.

All the ties that bound me to this world had been broken; I cared not to live, yet death seemed fearful to me. No, I did not wish to die. Time has a balm for the wounded spirit. My grief was too violent not to experience an ebb. Soon I began to yearn again to look upon the face of some being who could share my sorrows—who could pity and alleviate my sufferings. I longed once more to revisit the scenes of former joys; and after brooding months and months upon the thought, my resolution was at length fixed to take the first opportunity of effecting my escape.

Long did I meditate on this, and many were the expedients I devised to put it in execution. But it was not until three days ago, that the wished for opportunity offered. The Indians came down on a hunting expedition to the Ohio, and after much entreaty, I obtained of my foster-father permission to accompany him. I left them in the night; and”—her story was interrupted by a shout that seemed to shake the very walls of the frail tenement to their foundation. All started to their feet—the door was thrown violently open—and at the same instant the room was filled with savages.—Their rifles were presented, but when they saw there was none to offer them resistance, they proceeded leisurely to their work. Several of them advanced and made the women prisoners, while the rest set about plundering the cabin. “You are a bad squaw,” said a warrior of giant stature, who stood with his arms folded on his breast, before the unfortunate stranger—“and you must die.” The unhappy woman fell on her knees, and clasping her hands in an agony, sued for mercy.—“Warriors,” continued the same stern savage, who, from the ready obedience rendered him by his followers, was evidently their chief—“we must away; the long knife will be upon us.” He spoke a few words more in his native tongue to the Indians. Three of them sprang forward to bind the hands of

the mother and daughters, while he himself drew forth his battle-axe, and advanced toward the stranger, with a smile of fearful import lighting up his countenance. "You would have betrayed us into the hands of the long knife, but revenge is sweet to the red man—die!" He lifted his hatchet, whirled it thrice around his head, when—just as it was in the act of descending—the flash of a dozen rifles illuminated the scene, and in a moment the grasp of a powerful hand was at his throat. Like the tiger when pressed by his pursuers, the chieftain grappled with his antagonist, and they fell, locked in the death struggle, to the earth. The conflict was short. A single thrust from a hunter's knife decided the combat—and Desmond, panting and breathless, arose from the relaxing grasp of his foe, and fell into the arms of his astonished wife. His story was soon told. On the day of the fatal strife with the abandoned Berkley, he had been carried from the wigwam by the Indians, seemingly lifeless. His wound was however dressed, and was in a short time sufficiently healed to admit of his setting out on a journey into Canada, whither he was told he must go to be sold to the English governor. To this he had now no objection, for upon enquiring concerning his wife, he learned, that she had fainted in the affray with Berkley, and never recovered. He was shown a spot of newly dug earth, which he was assured was her grave; so there could be no doubt of the truth of the story. He shed a few bitter tears over it, and then set out on his journey, an altered man. His hopes, his fears, were at an end. Grief had before wounded—sorely wounded, the tender sympathies of his soul; but still he had been attached to life, and banqueted—as the wretch will banquet—even *beneath the gallows*, on the prospect of better days. But this last stroke had come upon him like the withering wintry blast on the fair promise of an early spring, and left him cheerless—almost senseless.

It was the "death knell to his spirit." Man is ever prone to run into extremes. They—it has been well said—who are the warmest friends, generally make the most dangerous enemies. So it was with Desmond. *Revenge*, stern and uncompromising, had driven out all social feeling from his soul, and there sat brooding in its gloomy recess, like the fabled giant, thirsting for human gore. And when once this tyrant has taken firm possession, every other passion must bend to its iron control. Desmond therefore did not hesitate to court the favor of the Indians by the most odsequious attentions. —Berkley, to shield himself from the wrath of the old chief, whose roof he had so openly violated, charged Desmond with having made an attempt on *his life*; and even wounded himself slightly in the arm to give a coloring to his accusation. This impious falsehood, had however, a contrary effect. The savages pronounced Desmond a "brave warrior," and elevated him to the rank of a hunter. It was in this capacity, he commenced his journey, and to so good purpose did he employ the means which were thus put in his power, of removing all suspicion from himself, that on his arrival in Canada, the Indians refused to part with him; even for the high sum which the British Governor—moved by the relation of his misfortunes—offered for his release. They therefore informed him, he must return. The information was received with joy, for he had constantly watched an opportunity of putting his purpose of vengeance in execution, and had hitherto failed through the vigilant precaution of Berkley, who united to the savage ferocity of his red brethren, the address and forethought of the whites. But it is written "the wicked shall not go unpunished." A warm and sultry day had passed, the cool of the evening came on, and the Indians had built their fires on the bank of a small stream, and after feasting themselves on the flesh of a deer which had just been brought in, wrapped them-

selves one by one in their blankets, and were presently locked in sound slumber. Berkley sat by the fire, throwing into it from time to time such pieces of brush as lay within his reach, and eyeing Desmond, who was apparently reposing himself not far distant—with dubious and suspicious glance. The moon was hid in clouds, and the night was pitch dark—save in the small area illuminated by the flickering blaze, thrown from the heap of burning fagots. The scene was romantically picturesque; and had Desmond been in any other mood, might have afforded him a pleasing subject of contemplation, and recalled to his recollection the stories of genii and evil spirits which once soothed and delighted his childhood. But it was with other sensations he gazed upon the athletic form and fierce countenance of the warrior who sat hovering over the flames, like a spirit of the damned performing its midnight orgies. He beheld in him the ruthless villian, who had murdered his wife, and afterwards attempted his own life. And could he forgive him? "No," said he, speaking to himself; yet in so loud a voice as to startle the rugged chieftain, who had already, in spite of his apprehensions—we cannot call it fear—began to resign himself to slumber, and muttered internally clenching his hand and compressing his teeth firmly together "if he sleeps, he dies!" Berkley stared wildly around him, cast a hasty look on Desmond and beholding him quietly wrapped in his blanket, he pulled his own about his face, and, as if ashamed of the momentary fear he had exhibited, stretched himself on the ground, and in a few moments was fast locked in the arms of the drowsy God. Desmond rose cautiously, first on his elbow, then he sat himself up, and at length standing erect, moved silently towards his sleeping enemy. He bent over him, as if to ascertain that he was not awake, and then raising his tomahawk he struck it with all his force into his skull. Berkley sprang convul-

sively to his feet—his features assumed an unearthly fierceness, then relaxing suddenly in the agonies of death, he struggled back a few paces, fell to the ground, and with a scream of ineffable horror, which many years afterwards Desmond declared was still ringing in his ears, and breathed out his spirit "to the last a renegade." Desmond gazed a moment on his victim, then turned and fled into the surrounding darkness.

Become by this time a skilful traveller, in the woods, he directed his way to Kentucky, and on the third day after his escape, fell in with the famous Daniel Boone, who in company with several other hunters had been reconnoitering in the vicinity of the Indian towns. They had seen the trail of the party from whom Desmond's wife had escaped, and following it up, arrived as has been seen just in time to prevent their murderous design. At the solicitation of Captain Boone, Desmond and his wife settled some time at Boonesborough, and after Waynes successful campaign, which completely restored peace between the settlers and the Indian tribes, removed about sixty miles distant, and built themselves a hut where they lived happily together for many years. J. F.

## No. II.

### NOTES ON THE MIAMI COUNTRY.

In No. I. we stated some of the most prominent facts which have induced a belief that the great "Western vale" has experienced many considerable changes in its physical appearance since chaotic matter first received the form of this globe; we shall, in the present, (No. 2,) state some facts which have established an opinion among speculative men—that the people by whom it has apparently, at several different times, been inhabited, have also passed through many revolutions, in numbers, tribes, improvements in the arts, in their manners, languages and governments. Even the skeletons of several of the lower animals, which are



found near some of the great watering places, are of different species from any which were found ranging the forest, when it was first explored by the Europeans.

How this continent became inhabited by animated beings, and so numerously inhabited as it was, when it was first discovered by the people of the old world, since it is so far separated by impassable oceans from land in which the *Ark of safety* rested at the drying up of the waters of the great deluge, has long been a query among the most learned speculators upon the subject, involving all their theories to explain it, in many difficulties. Certain it is, that many numerous warlike tribes inhabited it, when the fearless adventurer first entered its forests and explored its wilds. And equally certain is it, that all this vast section of country, which is emphatically called the Western vale, was inhabited by a numerous people, possessing some of the arts in a considerable degree of perfection, long anterior to the earliest traditions of the most ancient tribes of Aboriginies, who were "lords of the soil," when the Europeans first landed upon this continent, "the new world." Relics of this ancient people, may plainly be traced from the Southern shores of the lakes, westward, through the great vale, and far beyond, into Mexico. In the words of an eminent writer upon the antiquities of this country, these relics consist of "forts, cemeteries, temples, altars, camps, towns, villages, race grounds and other places of amusements, habitations of chieftains, videttes, watch towers, monuments, &c. These remains are very numerous; it has been ascertained, that there are upwards of 540 sites, where populous cities are supposed once to have stood, in which more than 1800 monuments still remain. Some of these rude piles, no doubt, like the costly monuments which we in this learned age are erecting at vast labor and expense, were designed to perpetuate the great deeds of their heroes, and wrest from the moul-

dering hand of time the history of their country. They have been successful in informing us of the fact of their existence, but respecting nearly every other circumstance concerning them, these monuments and fortifications, and all the specimens of the works of art which are found in them, are so unintelligible to us, that we are left, if we pursue our inquiries further, to grope our way, through the endless paths of uncertain and conjectural speculation.

There is much evidence however, for believing that they were a very numerous people. Such extensive and laborious works as they have left situate throughout such a vast tract of country could not have been performed by a people few in numbers; the extensive sites of towns are also evidences, that the people were numerous, that they were designed to accommodate and protect. That the period of their *latest* existence was very remote from the time the country was first discovered, is also very probable; their ancient seats were in such a state of decay, that it would require a long series of years for the natural effects of the elements to produce; and of all the numerous tribes who were found skirting the fertile margins of the numerous streams, none knew any thing of the origin of these works, or of the people by whom they were made.

Respecting the manner in which this continent was originally peopled, several opinions are entertained. One of two ways is certain—that they were independently a race of beings *sui generis*, originally formed here for the especial peopling of this continent, or, they were the descendants of Adam, the father of the human family in the East, and emigrated to this continent from Europe or Asia, across those narrow straits to the North. The latter hypothesis is the only one which can be adopted. Those, who support this opinion, tell us, that in the course of time, when the descendants of Noah became so numerous, that the country

were burthened with people, they emigrated Eastward and Westward, and finally reaching the extreme Eastern and Western boundaries of Europe and Asia, they journeyed North until they reached those points which lie most contiguous to this continent, and from thence passed into it, either upon the ice during the winter months, or in their canoes at other seasons of the year, and travelled again South to Mexico; and finally to the extreme Southern point of South America. It is advanced as a consequence natural to the human constitution, that as men advance Northward, they become more barbarous and more ignorant, until society loses almost every trace of mental improvement; and again as men advance successively South, society assumes a new and more refined character, until the mildness and congeniality of the climate nourishes it and brings it to its greatest perfection. Hence say they when that race of men who originally emigrated to this continent, arrived to the Northern regions through a series of successive movements by them and their forefathers, they had lost all knowledge of the arts, and of mental improvements, and were sunk into the lowest degrees of barbarism; and thus they account for the few traces that remain of their early appearance upon this continent to the North; and for their more frequent occurrence, and the appearance of higher attainments in the arts, as they progressed South. True it is, that it is remarked by all travellers among the Aborigines of America, that there are very perceivable shades of mental improvement, from the Peruvians and Mexicans, to both extremes of the new world.

Respecting the final destiny of the authors of these ancient works, there is a diversity of opinions. Some theorists suppose, that invited Southward by the beautiful country and pleasant climate of Mexico, they, by many successive moves, finally abandoned their ancient homes, and settled themselves down permanently in Mexico, where

they now remain, though the intervening times of their several emigrations have been so long, that all traditions of their journeying, are lost. Others suppose that, effeminated by the luxuries and mildness of the climate, they were either over run and indiscriminately destroyed by the hardy progeny of some "Northern hive," or they were consumed by the destroying ravages of some mortal plague, which visited every part of their country, and thus no one was left to tell to future ages the history of their country, or the sad catastrophe of their final exit. At this time must also have perished, those large, and by us hitherto unknown animals whose enormous bones are now dug up in many places. From the remains that are left us, we have many reasons to believe that these people were actuated by like principles and passions with ourselves; their many military works show the country must have been in some degree under military rule, and the love of war a ruling passion; their monuments show that they had their heroes who lived, moved and died in the favors of the people; and their temples and altars show us that they had their devotions, and offered up their orisons to that superior Being who is the same to the savage and the civilized, the God of the universe.

Among all the numerous tribes of Indians, who were found in this country, or even in North America, if we are rightly informed, there is but one, the Shawenees, who do not claim America as their original country and home; they have many fabulous sayings and traditions respecting their descent and origin; some say they are the immediate descendants of the sun, others make out an equally absurd origin, but they had none of them any notions of a country or a people beyond the great waters from which they could suppose themselves to have descended. The Shawenees, a tribe of Indians who came from the South, and after their emigration from thence, occa-

sionally passed through the Miami countries, have a tradition that they came from a country beyond "the great water;" were this tradition even true, they, in all probability, did not come from farther than some of the West India islands, which lie nearest to that coast, in the gulf of Mexico. Come their ancestors from what country they may, so numerous were their descendants in every habitable part of the continent, that the period of their emigration must have been at a very early day. And if they degenerated in their knowledge of the arts and sciences, and in those affected delicacies of artificial moral sentiment, which oftener degrade, than add dignity to the human character, they certainly as a body of men have retained more of that original greatness, nobleness, disinterestedness, and contempt of meanness and selfishness, than the great body of their more refined and informed, but we think more selfish and vicious fellow beings. War and the chase have ever been their pursuits, and military glory and eminence, their ruling passion. In pursuing these objects they display the greatest patience and perseverance and most acute sagacity; no distance is too great for them to pass—no fatigue too severe for them to endure—no obstacle too difficult for them to overcome—no murmur escapes their lips. These tribes were continually changing their hunting grounds. The various fortunes of war, like among more refined nations, gave some tribes great power and influence over their neighbors. This continual exertion among the natives to obtain *political consequence*, made them brave and enterprising. The numerous herds of elk, buffaloe, &c. and the great plenty of other wild game which filled this immense forest, added so many facilities to their living, that their numbers as an enemy, were formidable. The natural vanity of man, connected with their ignorance of our numbers and artificial powers, induced some of the more numerous tribes, to

believe they were the most powerful people in existence. Among a barbarous people of this character, our forefathers first landed, and it was with a people of this unyielding spirit—exasperated some times by evil men, some times by personal wrong—that they had to contend for their lives; the white man prevailed—the Indian was driven successively from hunting ground to hunting ground—from river to river, disputing every advance of the white man with the most unyielding resistance. Such was the character of the people, contending for so fertile a country as was the Miami, the home of their fathers, against whom the pioneers of this country had to defend themselves. The early settler appeared without the walls of his "station" or block-house only at the risk of his life; while he tilled his "corn patch," to obtain food for himself and family, he held the plough in one hand and his rifle in the other.

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## THE LITERARY FOCUS.

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Miami University,

OXFORD, (OHIO,) JULY, 1827.

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The editors have been able to issue the 2d number of the *Literary Focus* earlier in the month than the 1st, and and it is their intention to continue publishing at a date as early as possible. Our readers at a distance will in this case receive their paper within the month.

As it is for the interest of both editors and subscribers, that the payment should be made in advance, it is hoped that such of our patrons, as have not already paid, will forward us the CASH, prior to the receipt of the 3d number; the subscription in that case will be considered as advanced.

For the convenience of our subscribers we have sent numbers to several

gentlemen in different parts of the country, requesting them to act as *Agents* for the Literary Focus. We should be pleased to hear from those gentlemen, as we wish to publish the names of such as will apprise us of their acceptance of the agency, in our next.

We have some copies still on hand, and can accommodate future subscribers with the 1st number, if it should be their wish.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would return our acknowledgements for the many communications received since the publication of our last. The editors flatter themselves, that by a continuance of these favors, they will be enabled, with little trouble to themselves, to fill their columns at all times with such matter as will be both useful and interesting to our readers. Several communications which have not appeared in this number, are under consideration and will probably find a place in our next.

We would remark to the author of "*Alexis and Mary Jane*," that we have received his communication, but that it is not customary to commence the publication of a tale or essay, when the author is unknown, until the whole be received. But in this case, even admitting the whole to have been received, if we felt disposed to publish any part, we should prefer giving our readers the *original*.—Mrs. Dumont's premium tale—from which the greater part has been, not merely paraphrased, but *copied*.

Many "court the *muse*," but we must say that "the jade seems rather coy." We would, however, encourage them

to persevere; perhaps she may yet smile upon them; and should such be the case, we have always a corner at their service.

#### MADAME DE MAINTENON'S INFLUENCE OVER LOUIS XIV.

On the days of business, says the Duc de St. Simon, Madame de Maintenon, in whose apartment the ministers transacted affairs with the king, sat by, reading or working tapestry. She quietly heard all that passed, and rarely threw in a word. The word was still more rarely of any consequence. The king often asked her advice, addressing her in a playful tone, as—your solidity, or your reasonableness. She answered slowly and coldly, scarcely ever betraying a prepossession for any thing, and never for any person; but the ministers had their cue. If by chance the king at first fixed on her candidate, it was well, the ministers were sure to agree; and they contrived to hinder the mention of any other. If he shewed a preference for any other, the minister read over his own list, rarely recommending any one directly but hinting at the objections to all, so as to leave the king perplexed. In this embarrassment he often asked the advice of the minister, who, after balancing the good and bad qualities of all, shewed a slight preference for one. The king hesitated, and frequently in that stage referred to Madame de Maintenon; she smiled, affected to be incapable of judging; said something in favor of another candidate, but at last, sometimes slowly, as if deliberating—sometimes as if by a sudden accidental recollection, returned to the candidate whom she had promised the minister to recommend; and in this manner she disposed of all the favors in France.

Nothing annoys an enemy more than kindness. It is an arrow that generally hits the mark. It is the most severe, yet the most noble mode of treatment.



### TO READERS.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the editors were unable to attend to the correction of the proof sheet of this number, in time to prevent the following errors in many of the copies:

#### ERRATA.

Page 17, column 2, line 6 from top, insert *one of* before *whose*.

—	—	—	18	—	bottom, for <i>accute</i> read <i>acute</i> .
18	—	1,	9	—	top, for <i>became</i> read <i>become</i> .
19	—	2,	11	—	bottom, for <i>vigilent</i> read <i>vigilant</i> .
20	—	1,	21	—	— for <i>became</i> read <i>become</i> .
20	—	2,	4	—	top, for <i>struggled</i> read <i>staggered</i> .
—	—	—	8	—	— omit <i>and</i> .
21	—	1,	11	—	— insert <i>the</i> before <i>land</i> .
—	—	2,	25	—	bottom, read <i>as</i> for <i>that</i> .
22	—	1,	3	—	— read <i>removes</i> for <i>moves</i> .
23	—	—	11	—	top, read <i>descendant's</i> for <i>descendents</i>
—	—	—	15	—	bottom, read <i>as</i> for <i>like</i> .
—	—	2,	2	—	top, read <i>barbarous</i> for <i>barberous</i> .
24	—	1,	2	—	bottom, read <i>jade</i> for <i>jude</i> .

There are a few other, though not material, errors in the typography and punctuation, which the reader can himself correct.

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**SOLITUDE.**

That man was never formed for a life of solitude, is a truth so plain and so easily deduced from facts, that, like an axiom in mathematics, it might almost be received as self evident.

*"God never made an independent man;  
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan."*

Every thing tends to deny it: not only our habits and manners, but the very principle upon which those habits are founded. It would be taxing the Creator with folly to say, that he had implanted in man a mind, capable of improvement, at the same time that he had given him a principle by which he would be taught to avoid all intercourse with his fellow beings—the only way in which the mind can to any extent be improved.

It is a general law of nature, that that which is formed is the property of the maker; then, as every individual derives his existence and his information from the general stock, so he in justice owes his life and his knowledge to the public, and should labour for the public good. For a man to withdraw from society then, and thus to deprive the community of his item of productive agency, is nothing less than a species of fraud—a robbery committed upon the common fund of industry, and, I had almost said, should be punished accordingly.

From the crowded city, the gloomy misanthrope and the disappointed man may fly for refuge to the shades of solitude; but the cave of the anchorite can no more than the busy walks of life, afford a balm to the wounded spirit, or allay the throbbing of a broken heart; much less should the guilty mind expect in this manner to evade the stings of conscience. But when the youth, who has an unclouded morning opening to his view, and not a care to dim the bright sunshine of hope, thinks in the cell of the hermit to find that happiness which is the object of pursuit to all mortals, he will find himself most woefully mistaken. After pining away

some time in his voluntary exile, he will feel the full force of his exclamation, who was by misfortune banished from all the endearments of social life:

*"Oh Solitude! where are the charms,  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place."*

In short—cut a man off from society, and he is like the blasted tree of the forest, which falls, decays, and is scattered by the winds of Heaven, leaving not a vestige behind, to mark the place where once it stood. G.

*Remarks on the removal of the black population of the United States.*

The inconsistency of the finest nation on earth, holding in bondage thousands of their fellow creatures, cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. We glory in that act of our fathers which proclaimed to the world the dissolution of those ties which bound these states to the mother country; we cannot contemplate without admiration, that greatness of purpose and fortitude of soul, which, disregarding the weak and defenceless state of the colonies; and braving all dangers and difficulties, declared, that "these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states." But, how mournful the contrast—how melancholy the feelings, which rush over our pride and exultation, when we turn to the private lives of some of the brightest ornaments of that memorable assembly. Had they then no sufficient reason for a course of conduct, at first view so irreconcilable with their elevated sentiments as regards the inalienable rights of man? Do they deserve that unqualified censure, which the superficially informed have endeavored to attach to their characters? We believe not: We are convinced that all their previous proceedings in this matter, as well as their subsequent, go to prove that they acted from the necessity of the case, not from choice.

Slaves were introduced from Africa

into Spanish America so early as 1503; only about ten years after the discovery of the new world. At this time British America was entirely unexplored; and the first successful attempt at planting a colony was not made till more than a century later, in 1607. Slaves were first introduced into the settlement on James' river, about 1620, from a Dutch Guinea ship; but after this time the mother country, wishing to advance the cultivation of this, as also of the other colonies, that she might derive the greater advantage from their trade, favored, the importation of the Africans, which promised to add so rapidly to the productive power of the settlers. The colonists at a comparatively early period, entertained very just opinions, respecting the slave trade, and endeavored to restrain the traffic by imposing duties upon the negroes imported. In 1767, the assembly of Massachusetts passed an act, forbidding the introduction of slaves into that province; but, the governors, appointed by the British Government, were instructed to refuse their assent to such regulations. In 1772, the assembly of Virginia petitioned the throne on this subject; representing "that the importation of slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa had long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity;" and praying "that those restraints on the governors of the colonies which inhibited their assenting to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce, might be removed." In 1770 the courts of Massachusetts decided that, as that province enjoyed by charter all the rights and immunities of British subjects; and as by the law of England, no man could be deprived of his liberty except by legal process, therefore, all the natives of the province were free, of whatever color. These facts, and many others of the same kind prove incontestibly that our ancestors had correct ideas of liberty, and of the rights of man; and shew that those memorable sentences, "that all men are created equal—that

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," are not the mere flourish of men in pursuit of a present object. Yet in spite of all their petitions, and remonstrances, slaves were shipped into the colonies in great numbers; and even at the period of the commencement of the revolution a large part of the population of some of the colonies consisted of negroes. What then was to be done? They would not have dared to set them free, even if those immediately interested in this kind of property had been willing to make the sacrifice. Universal and immediate emancipation would have been then, and still would be attended with greater danger, and more fearful consequences, than those which the measure might be intended to avoid. Neither do we believe that the slaveholding states exercised more than a proper degree of caution, in excepting the power of making any regulations respecting their slaves in the surrender they made to the general government. However good the intentions might be of that part of the United States' legislature, which represents states that are free from this evil, they have not the same opportunity of knowing the full extent of the danger, against which the southern gentlemen wish to guard: and the excessive jealousy on the least apparent interference of other states, or of private individuals in what concerns their slaves originates we believe in the continued dread which appears to prevail, of disturbances from this source. That slavery is defended on principle by one man in thousands, we entirely disbelieve: that it is totally inconsistent with justice and humanity—that it is a great evil and one in the removal of which the nation at large should assist, is generally admitted: And the prevailing sentiment of the United States appears to be in favor of freeing the country from the burden of the black population. It may be interesting and useful to examine what pow-

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erful reasons have induced these feelings in the community:—to expose to view some of the arguments which have carried conviction to the minds of all, that the existence of a distinct caste amongst us—a class which can never hope to unite with us, and form a common people; but which carries its marks stamped upon it in indelible characters, is both injurious and dangerous, and especially alarming to those states which hold large numbers of this class in bondage.

It is certainly a great mistake in slave-holding states to suppose that the proceedings of their northern brethren on this subject, originate in ill will, or in a desire to cause disturbances amongst them; and if they do not believe these charges, surely it would be nothing more than common decorum to receive the advances of those who advocate the entire removal of the black population, in the same spirit of good feeling in which they are made. We are quite willing to grant that the expressions of some of those who support the abolition scheme may have been unguarded, and the manner of others altogether reprehensible; yet our fellow-citizens of the south who are unfortunately incumbered by the large amount of their black population, so as to have their proceedings in this matter governed rather by what they conceive to be the necessity of the case than their inclinations, should remember that fear is apt to make a clamor at the approach of danger; and not attribute to malevolence, what may be so easily accounted for otherwise. The northern citizens of the Union believe the danger to be common to them, as well as those more immediately concerned. They are not so selfish as to be able to look on with coolness, while a great calamity, and perhaps complete desolation, are supposed to be impending over a large number of those whom they feel to be members of a common family—to whom they are united by all the ties which bind honorable men together.

They may be in error in thinking the peril to be so great; but while such is their belief, it assuredly would be an ill discharge of the duties of brethren, to remain in apathy and await the event, without an effort to rouse those whom they suppose to be exposed to destruction. The charge of unkind remarks, and ill-timed warmth however will not apply to all, nor to a large part of those who have taken a deep interest in this subject: the wisest statesmen and the best patriots both of the north and south have expressed the same opinion with respect to its importance; and we believe that at this time, all reflecting persons are unanimous in the decision, that the existence of the black population amongst us, is a national curse:—a weight which hangs upon a large and interesting part of the United States and retards its progress in the march of improvement.

We are of opinion that the slave-holding states are especially concerned in this matter; though deeply interesting to all. It is of the utmost importance as regards the permanence of the Union that the power in the hands of the national legislature should be equally divided. There must necessarily be eastern and western interests; northern and southern; and the only possible method of preventing angry and imbiting conflicts from this diversity of interests, is by compromise. Each must make a partial surrender. The cotton planter must not be sacrificed for the benefit of the manufacturer; nor the grower of grain to either. It is a matter of the utmost moment to us all therefore, that in the decision of great questions of public policy, the different sections of the republic should have their proper degree of influence. This, however, cannot be, in states cultivated by slave labor. There a large amount of the population has no rights as citizens; and although the constitution makes provision partially, allowing three fifths of the blacks to be added to the white citizens in appor-

tioning the representation, still the Southern states even at present (and the evil will increase every year) have not a weight in the national legislature, proportionate to their population. If all the inhabitants of Virginia had been white citizens, she would have been entitled at the period of the census of 1820 to five more members in the house of representatives; and at the next session of congress, supposing her black population to increase at a little more than 3 per cent. per annum, two fifths of that class would send seven members if entitled to representation. In 1823, Virginia sent but 22 representatives; while Pennsylvania of which the population by the census of 1820, was not so great sent 26. In 1820, South Carolina would have sent 15 instead of 12 members to the house of representatives, had her population consisted of white citizens only.

This fact, with respect to a single state, is not so striking; but extend the same calculation to all the slaveholding states, and it will be seen that the representation of the South is comparatively weak. This matter is deserving of the most serious consideration. In the decision of questions which respect the whole Union, the weight of the south is much diminished by its population not being entitled to representation according to its numbers; and in another generation, if no measures are adopted for its remedy, the evil will be alarmingly increased. If our population doubles in 30 years, in 1857 the deficiency of representation in the Southern states will be twice as great as at present. The representation of the Northern states however, will have increased regularly, and will continue thus to increase: while with respect to the South, there will be a continued comparative diminution; and thus in a very short time, the preponderance of the North in the councils of the nation will be complete. We do not rejoice in the prospect presented by this view of the subject. The best security against the abuse

of power is the want of opportunity; and we are not sure that a regard for the welfare of the whole, would prevent men from seizing the advantages which such a state of things would offer to their grasp.

*(To be continued.)*

#### REMINISCENCE OF YOUTH.

How delightful is the remembrance of years that have gone by; with what sweet sensations do we recur to scenes of boyhood! It is a never failing source of agreeable contemplation, even in the wane of life, when health, hilarity, dear companions, and all have flown. Although the recollection of foibles may sting for a moment, and create a painful emotion, yet it is soon effaced by something more pleasing that arises spontaneously in the mind. Yes, this recollection is so sweet, that gladly would the great and the mighty exchange the robe of dignity, and the staff of authority, for the gaiety and cheerfulness of their early years; if they could become as innocent and free from care as they then were. But the open and cheerful countenance is gone, and features marked with care, contracted brows, a forehead furrowed with powerful agitations of mind, and eyes hollow with deep meditations of soul have succeeded. If they would be cheerful and happy, they cannot; and their only amusement to beguile the tediousness of their vacant hours, is to remember the entertainments they enjoyed in the flowery paths of youth, in the "spring time of life." We have seen old men ripe with years, tottering under the accumulated load of age and care, and chilled with the cold hand of approaching death, become invigorated with the strength, and brightened by the excitement of youth, their decrepitude fall off like exuviae; and we have beheld them stand noble, erect, and entirely renovated, while they recounted the chivalrous achievement of their youth, and the "deeds of noble daring," done when in their prime. Just as the twilight of life was

about to be lost in the deep gloom of a long—long night; when every object was becoming imperceptible in the awful obscurity of endless shade, the remembrance of youth flashed across their breast, and illuminated their countenance the last time before they were enveloped in eternal darkness.

And in the sunny paths of meridian life, while men are toiling through sweat and dust to glory and renown, full of energy and flushed with exertion, they love to withdraw for a moment from the bustling scene to the shades of retirement, and refresh themselves by recurring to the season of their youth. They love to rekindle that glow of feeling which then flamed in their breasts; to think on their pleasant rambles, when all nature bloomed in the verdure of spring, and every object cheered them with the enchantment of novelty and variety; with delight they recount their sportive contests and emulous rivalships with the companions of their juvenile years; but the feeling is inexpressible, when they recur to the friendly meeting, the affecting interview, and the free and unrestrained communion with the beloved of their bosom; when every expression of tenderness flowed from the immaculate sensations of an innocent heart. But alas! the spell is broken—the charm is lost; the cares and anxieties of age rush upon us, and we mingle again in the common current of life; while all our expectations are shattered and wrecked on the rocks of disappointment, till we sink silent and unobserved into the “ocean of Eternity.”

\*—M—\*

#### INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.

Whatever genius or acquirements a man may possess, independence of mind will be requisite to give vigor to his thoughts and actions, and energy to his character; without it the mind, distrustful of its own powers or acquirements, however respectable they may be, timidly yields to the Syren

sloth, the fell destroyer of all hope of mental improvement.

Suppose a man furnished with the means of improvement, and his mind stored with ideas; yet, without that innate independence of mind, which will prompt him to scrutinize opinions, and decide on their merits—to deduce scientific and moral inferences from the phenomena of nature, and occurrences of life; versatility of mind will render his theories futile, and his actions indeterminate. Opinions generally received, in science, customs and morals, especially when sanctioned by the concurrence of the wise and the good, are unquestionably entitled to respect and reverence.

If to this source of influence we add the prejudices of education, and proneness to admiration of favorite authors and opinions, we will find it equally important and difficult to preserve that impartiality, which will enable us to view things in a just light, to search steadily after truth, without inclining either to the right or left, valuing it for its intrinsic worth, not on account of popular applause, or triumph over an opponent. By a mind thus regulated, truth will be cordially received, whether derived from the researches of others, or suggested by the facts which have come under our own observation.

This independence of mind is important, not only on account of its influence in preserving from error both in theory and practice; and producing correctness in our opinions and conduct—but is in itself a source of sublime enjoyment to the possessor. It preserves the mind open to the reception of truth; and we are so formed by nature, that the reception of truth is the chief requisition of happiness. What can be more pleasing, than the contemplation of the works of nature, when on every hand we see displayed the wisdom and beneficence of their Author—in creating beings capable of intellectual improvement, and the enjoyment of happiness; and in the beau-

tiful order and mutual dependence, exhibited in every grade of existence. It raises the mind from the sensual gratifications which render it the prey of discontent and misery, to the contemplation of more sublime objects, and to converse with the high Author of nature, which alone can inspire true dignity of character.

Independence of mind also fits a man for receiving and imparting pleasure in the social circles of life. It exempts him from the corroding passions to which inferior minds are subject, and produces a cheerfulness and magnanimity, which renders him amiable in the view of those with whom he associates. He is free from many embarrassments to which the indeterminate mind is subject; he estimates justly the relation which he bears to his fellow creatures and Creator. He decides and acts according to the dictates of reason, confident that happiness is inseparable from virtue and intelligence.

R—T—G—

#### SELECTIONS FOR THE FOCUS.

*With care I glean, e'en in the well trod field,  
The scattered fragments it perchance may yield."*

#### WOMAN.

The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs  
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing;  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them. BYRON.

#### LIFE.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,

'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge:

How little do we know that which we are!

How less what we may be! The eternal surge

Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar

Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,

Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves

Of Empires heave but like some passing waves, IDEN.

Whether in painting, sculpture, music or literature, those which have pleased the greatest number of people of all classes, for the longest space of time, may without hesitation be pronounced the best; and, however mediocrity may enshrine itself in the admiration of the select few, the palm of excellence can alone be awarded by the many. MOORE.

Men seldom think deeply on subjects on which they have no choice of opinion. They are fearful of encountering obstacles to their faith, (as in Religion,) and so are content with the surface. SHERIDAN.

Money distributed through the whole mechanism of human industry, like the oil that greases the wheels of complex machinery, gives the requisite ease and facility to its movements. SAY.

Refiners may weave *Reason* into as fine a web as they please, but the experience of all times shows *Religion* to be the guardian of morals.

R. H. LEE.

He that's *ungrateful*, has no fault but one,  
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him. YOUNG

Calamity has made many villains, who would reform if they could find the means of honest subsistence.





### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*"Without attempting to support any theory of the pleasure derived from that modification of syllables in which versification consists, it may be assumed as a fact, that such measured arrangement is universally agreeable to the human ear, and has ever proved an advantageous vehicle of sentiment and imagery. The inexpressible charm it sheds over language can no more be doubted by one who has felt it, than the delight received from strains of musical harmony, or from the play of light and shade in a summer landscape."*

AIKIN'S LETTERS.

#### INDIAN DEATH SONG.

Foemen of my nation's race,  
Warriors, oft in battle tried,  
Oft I've met you face to face  
Oft in blood my hatchet dyed:  
But now my race is run,  
No more, I hurl the bolt of war,  
No more, I shine my nation's star  
To guide their vengeance from afar;  
For now will Holo's son,  
Soar to that land beyond the sky;  
I've bravely lived, I'll bravely die.

Warriors, 'midst the thick'ning fight  
Beneath my arm brave Uncas died,  
I dashed the hero into night,  
Your nation's boast, your nation's pride,  
I glory in the deed:  
And where your choicest kinsmen  
fought,  
My choicest vengeance there was sought,  
Your widest ruin there was wrought,  
Your bravest souls did bleed;  
The shades of those heroic dead  
Invoke your vengeance on my head.

Then higher build my funeral throne,  
Then higher raise the rav'nous flame,  
And not one murmur, not one groan  
Shall sully Magua's deathless fame.  
Think how once burst my warrior flood,  
Remember how before me sank  
Each bravest friend, each martyr'd  
rank

Remember how my hatchet drank  
Your warmest, choicest blood:  
I scorn your pow'r, I scorn your wrath.  
I curse you with my latest breath. S.

#### SUNSET AT SEA.

'Twas evening—and the sun in crim-  
son cloth'd  
Was slowly sinking 'neath the Hesper-  
ian wave,  
Above, around, all nature seem'd un-  
mov'd,  
Save the bright orb that met the unti-  
ring gaze.

It seem'd as if 'tween air and ocean  
hung;  
Slowly it sunk, embosom'd in the sea,  
Imparting to the clouds that flitted on  
The horizon's verge, its last and bright-  
est ray;

Changing their colour, from a purple  
hue  
"To one unbroken blaze of living light,"  
Contrasting well with Heaven's mild  
azure blue,  
So rich, so gorgeous, and withal so  
bright.

At such an hour as this, 'tis sweet to  
view  
The blue expanse of ocean, far and  
near  
Its dark and waveless surface: the sea-  
mew  
Flapping its broad wings as through  
fright or fear;

Skimming the deep and screaming  
 through the air;  
 Its scream prophetic of the coming  
 storm.  
 'Tis sweet to see the daylight disap-  
 pear,  
 Resolved in darkness, like an embryo-  
 form.

C. J. S.

CINCINNATI.

## FICTION.

Oh Fiction! if thy pleasing tints  
 Beguile the gloomy pensive hour  
 Which mem'ry on the mind imprints,  
 Say, is it wrong to feel thy pow'r?  
 Or should we to the troubled mind,  
 Deny the sad the sweet repast,  
 Which in thy glowing page we find,  
 Nor dream of joys forever past?

## ACROSTIC.

Life were indeed a gloomy void,  
 Of thee and all thy joys bereft:  
 Valued by few—by few enjoyed—  
 Endured with pain, and gladly left.

## SELECTED.

*From the Masonic Mirror.*

## TO MARIAN.

My Marian thou art faithless grown,  
 I cannot love thee more:  
 Thy sweetly soothing melting tones  
 No more for me shall gently lower.

Thy locks, which once did shine so  
 bright,  
 Shall shine no more for me.  
 Thine eyes that shot forth radiant light,  
 I ne'er again shall see.

Thy lovely and thy gentle smile,  
 Has vanished from my view;  
 That look which once did care beguile  
 Has fled as quickly too.

Ah, thou art faithless dear,  
 Too faithless now for me.

Ah do not now again appear,  
 'Twould be too sad a sight for me.  
 S. B.

*The following (says the Newburyport Herald) is the last production of the Boston Bard.*

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

How peaceful is the closing scene,  
 When virtue yields its breath—  
 How sweetly beams the smile serene,  
 Upon the cheek of death!

The christian's hope no fear can blight,  
 No pain, his peace destroy;  
 He views beyond the realms of light  
 Of pure and boundless joy.

Oh, who can gaze, with heedless sigh,  
 On scene so fair as this?  
 And not exclaim—"thus let me die,  
 And be my end like his!"

BOSTON BARD.

*From the Masonic Mirror.*

## HEAVEN.

There is a Heaven!  
 This shred of life cannot be all the  
 web,  
 Nature hath wrought to govern divine  
 spirits,  
 There is a Heaven because there's  
 misery.  
 The divine power ever blest and good,  
 Made not the world for an ill natured  
 jest,  
 To sport himself in pains of those he  
 made.

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